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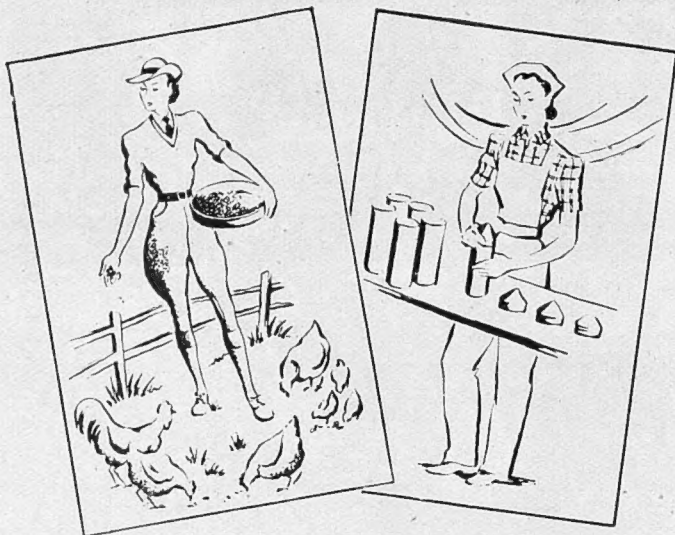
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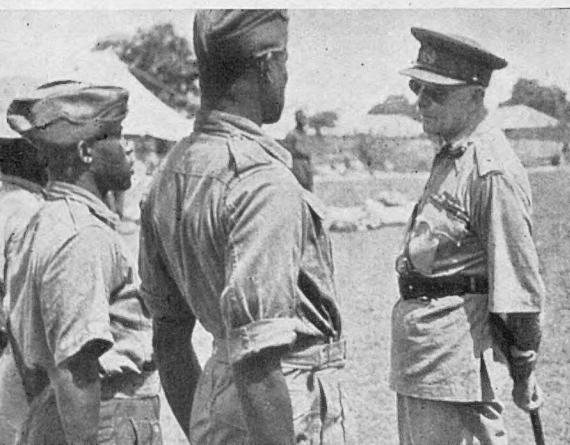
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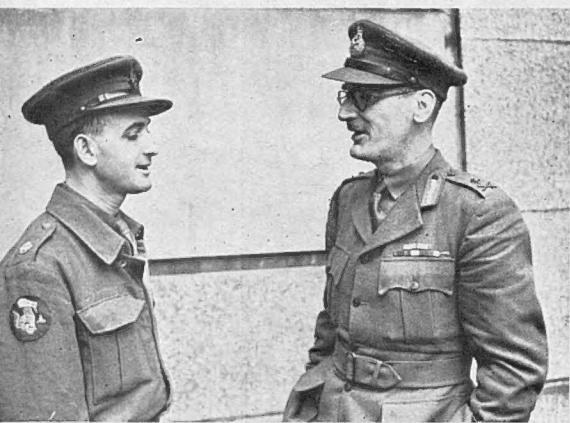
Lady Campbell-Orde and Her Children

Lady Campbell-Orde, with her son and daughter, has been staying at her father's home, Haslington Hall, in Cheshire. Her husband, Major Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Bt., is in the Lovat Scouts, and has been abroad for most of the war. Lady Campbell-Orde, before her marriage in 1938, was Miss Eleanor Watts, daughter of Col. Humphrey Watts, O.B.E. Her sister, Wing Officer F. H. Hanbury, M.B.E., was until recently in charge of the W.A.A.F. Officers' School. The Campbell-Ordes' small son, John Alexander, was born last year, and his sister, Caroline Jane, is four years old



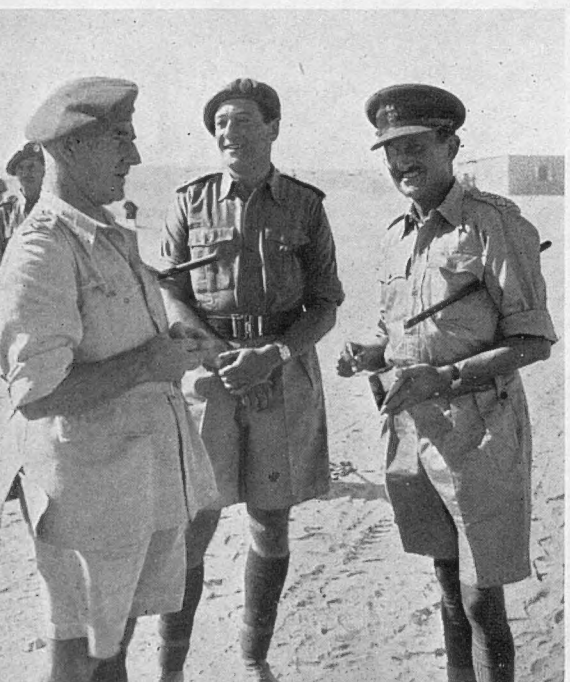
West Africans Meet the General

Gen. Sir George Giffard, Commander of the 11th Army Group in South-East Asia, when previously C.-in-C. West Africa, always prophesied future successes for West African troops. He is seen chatting to members of the West African Expeditionary Force, which has justified his expectations



Chindits' Chief in London

Major-Gen. W. D. A. Lentaigne, Gen. Wingate's successor as Commander of the Chindits in Burma, has spent practically all his life soldiering in India, and this was his first visit to England for many years. With him is Major Wilfred Martin, wearing a Chindit badge



Inspecting the All-Jewish Brigade

Brig.-Gen. E. F. Benjamin (right), head of the recently formed Jewish Brigade, is seen with the C.O. and the Brigade Major at an inspection. The brigade, the first of its kind to be formed within the British Army in this war, contains men of 53 nationalities



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Conference

SOON we shall have a meeting of the Big Three, or will it be of the Big Four? The right of France to be represented at the conferences between President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill is now under discussion. There are some who believe that France is so important to the post-war structure of Europe that she should be given a place at once. The invitation extended to France to appoint a delegate to the European Advisory Council by Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill indicates what they think. Obviously President Roosevelt concurred in advance with this gesture to General de Gaulle's Government.

As far as I can make out the time is not far distant when France may take China's place as one of the Big Four. United States opinion has suffered a severe shock as a result of revelations about the situation in China. Chiang Kai-shek, whom President Roosevelt has tried to build up, is not now the popular figure he was in the United States. But simultaneously with this decline of Chiang Kai-shek's reputation in America Marshal Stalin has gone out of his way to warn Japan that she is regarded by Soviet Russia as one of the aggressor nations. This puts Russia on the side of China, and we can expect an ever-increasing interest on the part of Russia in China as the war in Europe marches to its conclusion. That's the politics of war. War and politics go hand in hand. The war is going well, and so politics assume a bigger role.

The influence of politics will grow bigger and bigger. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden have not been travelling from place to place for nothing. Many are inclined to criticize them for their journeyings. They think that after what Britain has done in this war London

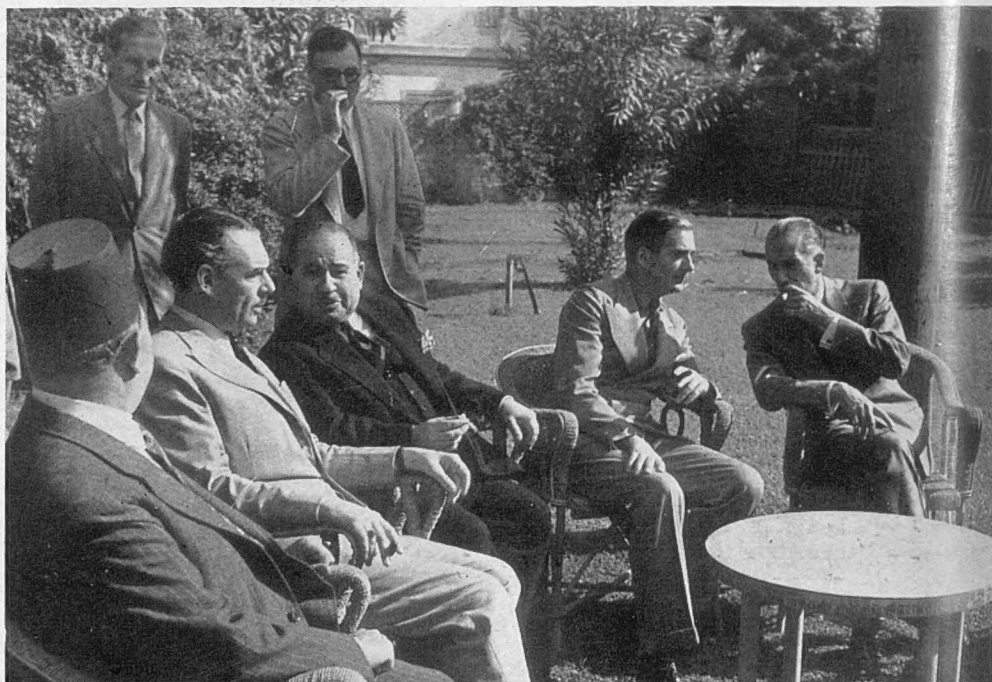
ought to be more of a political centre. In some respects they are right, but I do not think that the influence of the British Government is less because our statesmen travel. Mr. Churchill has shown that distance has no terrors for him. As a result his reputation stands higher today than ever before. So does the reputation of Great Britain. Marshal Stalin was invited to come to London for his next meeting with President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, but he had to decline it for the time being. He does not feel that he can leave Russia while the war continues, and his reasons are perfectly understandable. It looks, therefore, that his next meeting with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt, which cannot be long delayed, may be somewhere in or near Russia.

Aims

ALREADY the aims of President Roosevelt's policy of the future are becoming clear. He intends to use all his powerful influence, which he feels that the people of the United States have reinforced, towards making the peace. There is a suggestion in Washington that President Roosevelt would like to be the first chairman of the United Nations, which is to be the name of the new League of Nations. I am certain that should President Roosevelt desire this high office, he will have the support of Mr. Churchill. Their friendship grows as their partnership lengthens.

Portents

RECENT military movements on the Western Front convey all the portents of fate for the Germans. General Patton was the first to strike with his armies, followed some days later by a new offensive launched by Field Marshal Montgomery. If the weather holds, I am



Mr. Eden Meets the Egyptian Prime Minister

Following the Moscow talks, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden visited Cairo, and the Foreign Secretary is seen above on the occasion of his meeting with the new Egyptian Premier, Ahmed Maher Pasha. Sitting are Nokrash Pasha, Mr. Shone, Ahmed Maher Pasha, Mr. Eden and Hassanein Pasha. Standing: Sir Walter Smart and Mr. Empson



Six of the Men Who Sank the Tirpitz

These men who took part in the sinking of the German battleship Tirpitz came to London shortly after the event to give a first-hand account of the action. Here they are: F/O E. H. Giersch, F/Lt. Bruce A. Buckham, F/O D. A. Nolan, S/Ldr. A. G. Williams, F/O W. A. Daniell and W/Cdr. J. B. Tait, D.S.O., D.F.C., who led the attack

certain that we are going to see some very big battles on the Western Front before Christmas. They may be, and they can be, decisive battles. It is significant that the Allied commanders have resumed activities at this time of the year when winter is closing in. It shows a background of determination, for they have not waited until the port of Antwerp is in full operation. This can only mean that the supply position is sufficiently good for them to take some risks. There is an impression prevailing in London that General Eisenhower, with the backing of his field commanders, is set on a course which may involve great risks, but at the same time may bring great and sudden rewards. I still believe that the Germans are going to be hit so hard this side of Christmas that anything may happen. We have had from Dittmar, the spokesman of the German High Command, an admission of Germany's desperate situation. In his latest commentary he has talked about daring everything, and comparing the situation with that of Napoleon's in 1814. It is an unfortunate comparison. For Napoleon, like Hitler, lost everything because of his foolish desire to smash the Russians.

While the British are taking risks in the west, we can expect Marshal Stalin to throw in all his weight on the Eastern Front. The battle for Budapest is a vital one. Even Dittmar says so. Budapest is at stake, and that means much more to the Germans than simply a name on the map. The words are Dittmar's. The fate that is unfolding is that of the Germans. It is an interesting fact, however, which may in itself be most revealing, that the Germans are fighting with more respect for the rules of strategy than they have hitherto done. The Germans are not making any desperate suicide attempts to hold back the Allies. They retreat when the situation becomes hopeless. The experts interpret this as meaning that Hitler is no longer in charge of German strategy.

Mystery

I THINK that many people make a mistake if they imagine that Hitler does not mean a lot to the German people, and that his disappearance from public affairs has been of no account. At all times before the war, and since the war, Hitler meant something mystical to the German people. When things looked difficult they were able to say that Hitler would get them out of it somehow. They believed that he would save them from war

in 1939. When the war came they believed that he would win the peace for them fairly soon; and things did appear to prove that their judgment might be right. When things began to go bad, the German people again thought that Hitler would find a way out. He would negotiate a peace, for he was a clever politician—a cleverer politician than Churchill. Hadn't he made an agreement with Marshal Stalin at one time? Couldn't he make an agreement somehow with Churchill? I know that the German people were thinking like this. They put all their faith in Hitler. The fact that Hitler has not addressed the people of Germany, and that some mystery has developed about his personal position and his health will be a blow to German morale.

Obviously the Nazi gangsters have been hoping for some weeks that suddenly they might be able to produce Hitler. What a fillip that would have been to German morale, and could be yet. By his personality, and his powers of oratory, Hitler has always been able to rouse the mob. It has never been difficult to waken the patriotism of the Germans. But Hitler was able to do this and something more. Himmler cannot do it, nor can Goebbels. Ribbentrop is really nothing more than a stuffed shirt. Goering is the nearest to Hitler in his capacity to control the German people; or should I say he was the nearest. Something seems to have happened to him. There may be more than a spark of truth in those earlier reports that he was put under arrest, or probably some form of detention.

Finale

THE Nazi Party was the creation of Hitler's mind and voice. The organization of the party to its present degree of ruthless efficiency was the work of people like Himmler. There is no doubt that the Nazi Party is one of the most efficient political organizations the world has ever known, for the German people are intelligent and industrious, as well as politically minded. They were seized on by the Nazis, and before they knew where they were they were in their grip. The grip continues to be strong and tight. It will take a lot of breaking. But, as I have said before, the Nazi Party could never be broken by the people of Germany. The crack must come from the top.

The illness of Hitler is much more important than the defection of Hess, or the mysterious deaths of the various people who have belonged to the higher levels of the party. Hitler

represents the mysticism, the mesmeric power which enabled the Nazi Party to acquire influence and efficiency. At the moment the German people have naturally fallen back on their ever-present and eager patriotism. They are fighting, and will fight, to defend their Fatherland, but it will be a different matter without Hitler, whether he is dead or failing in health. At some time in the very near future Himmler will have to decide how and when he is going to tell the German people what is wrong with Hitler. I don't remove from my own mind the possibility that he may attempt to produce Hitler to the German people once more. Hitler the Mystic. Hitler the Great Patriot. Hitler the Man of Destiny. But if he does, I still don't see that it can make any difference to the progress of the war. Things have gone too far for anybody to save Germany, even the mystical Hitler.



Commanding a Division

Major-Gen. A. D. Ward, D.S.O., commands the 4th British Division of the Eighth Army. It was announced recently that Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery was to succeed Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese as Commander of the Eighth Army



"Au Libérateur de Bruxelles"

A historical sword with the above inscription on the sheath was presented to Field Marshal Montgomery by Comte de Ribancourt, members of the Association de Malte and members of the Cercle du Parc, Bruxelles

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Concerning Musicals

By James Agate

THERE are mornings when the sky hangs over me like a pall made of porridge, all my faculties are numb, and the world seems to have lost definition. My breakfast-knife turns into india-rubber, and with a pointless fork I stuff my mouth with pieces of omelette made out of Berlin wool. I do not summon the doctor because he would be of no avail. What is the matter with me is that I must immediately after breakfast undergo a "musical." For two hours one will have to endure the water-torture of the middle ages, the water being replaced by buckets of tepid whitewash. I will frankly say that in this matter I am not at one with my kind. For all around me I see eminent critics drinking in the performance with eyes, ears and mouth, and some who are not critics applauding the wan efforts of Tweetie Twerp as though she were a Gertrude Lawrence or a Beatrice Lillie. I think that is the thing which annoys me most about musicals. I really do see red when I reflect how long and arduous must be the struggles of any player of talent. I see red when I remember Edith Evans's long fight against lack of appreciation, and when I realize the battle that is in front of so brilliant an artist as Sonia Dresdel. I see red when charming little noodles are hailed as terrific geniuses. And I suppose that as long as I am a film critic I shall go on seeing red, and die at long last of purple iridescence.

BUT there are musicals and musicals. There is, for example, *A Night at the Opera* (Empire), a revival of the lovely Marx nonsense. Let me say that I spent the ninety-four minutes of this too short film wiping away tears of laughter. "Humour," says Hazlitt, "is the describing the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing it, by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humour is, as it were, the growth of nature and accident; wit is the product of art and fancy." What, then, shall we say about all that nature and accident, art and fancy which in their sum are Groucho Marx? There is a heavenly moment when he encounters the

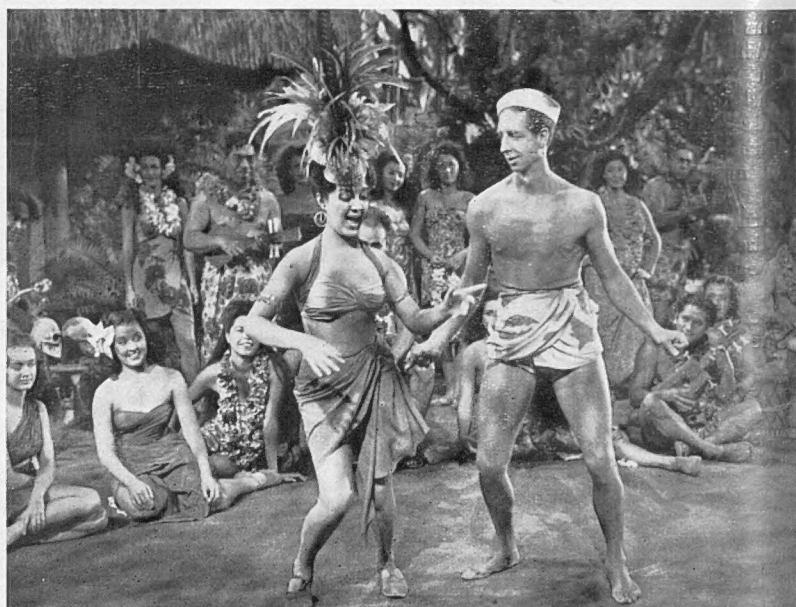
three Italian aviators all looking exactly alike and all wearing the same vast, preposterous beard. Groucho shakes his head like a man who has seen a vision and asks: "Is that three men wearing the same beard or is it one man with three beards?" Chico and Harpo are as quaint as ever, there is a magnificently irate performance by Siegfried Rumann, and there is my adored Margaret Dumont who can wear a corsage of diamonds without augmentation of her natural dignity or receive a kick in the stomach without diminishment. They don't make films like this today. To which nobody can retort that they never did, for here is the entire and perfect chrysolite.

A *Song to Remember* (New Gallery) is a musical of another kind, starring Merle Oberon as George Sand, Cornel Wilde as Frederick Showpan (thus pronounced by every one in this film), and Paul Muni as Joseph Elsner, Showpan's first music master. Is it permissible, somebody asked me, to take a historical character and weave a farrago of inaccurate absurdities round it? In the case of Chopin I say yes, provided you don't mess up the music. Let it be put to the credit of this film that the music is not messed up. Whether Cornel Wilde is the actual performer or not I do not know. In either case he atones for not being a very good actor by being either a brilliant pianist or a first-class imitator of one. Whoever the performer is he plays Chopin's music a great deal better than Chopin ever played it himself. The poet-dreamer of tradition was only half the real Chopin. Letters of his are in existence showing that under George Sand's very nose Frédéric was writing stuff which cannot be printed owing to what a biographer called his "intempérance de plume allant jusqu'à la dernière grossièreté."

YES, there is enormous fire in compositions like the two Polonaises in A and A flat, the so-called Revolutionary Etude, and the B flat minor Scherzo, to each of which the performer in this film gives the fire, the virtuosity, and the



The South Seas, tropical vegetation, cloudless days, glamorous nights—all these and *Lamour*, too, crowd into "Rainbow Island," the Paramount picture now at the Plaza. As Lona, Dorothy Lamour is an American girl brought up since babyhood in the islands. She meets her fate when Ken Masters (Barry Sullivan), an American flyer, crashes with his crew on Rainbow Island



Rainbow Island is set in the South Pacific. Here three flyers of the U.S.A.A.F. are forced to land. Their reception by the natives, who believe them to be bad men, is anything but enthusiastic. In fact their lives are saved just short of the roasting pot by Lona, a young girl, native in appearance but American by birth, who falls for one of their number, and succeeds in convincing the superstitious natives that these are not bad men but gods. A feast is proclaimed with all its attendant fun and games—the disadvantage, to the Americans, being that gods are not supposed to eat, drink or flirt with gorgeous girls. But truth must out and the flyers have to run for their lives, this time taking Lona and her father with them. Their plane repaired, they succeed in taking off safely and we leave them in the cosy comfort of an American battleship—once more headed for Rainbow Island, this time complete with bodyguard



"*Irish Eyes Are Smiling*" takes us back to vaudeville of the early twentieth century. It is the success-story of a little chorus girl, Mary "Irish" O'Brien (June Haver), who steps up from the burlesque backwater of Cleveland to the bright lights and stardom of Broadway. More than that, it provides a backcloth for many of the old emotional favourites, among them "*When Irish Eyes are Smiling*," "*Mother Machree*," "*Boy of Mine*" and "*I'll Forget You*." For a nostalgic evening of old sentiments "*Irish Eyes are Smiling*" is a safe bet



"*Gipsy Wildcat*" is a romantic fairy tale. A band of gipsies are wrongfully accused of the murder of one Count Orso. They are threatened with death. One man only can prove their innocence—Michael, a handsome King's messenger. Fortunately Michael falls in love with one of the gipsy girls, a beautiful young thing known as Carla (Maria Montez). Carla turns out to be none other than the long lost daughter of the murdered Count Orso and heiress to his great estates. "*Gipsy Wildcat*" ends happily, true to fairy tale tradition, and Carla and Michael live happily ever after

fortissimo of a Horowitz. Whereas it is known that in his more energetic passages Chopin never exceeded a mezzoforte. As one of his biographers writes: "His playing as a whole was unique in its kind, and no traditions of it can remain, for there is no school of Chopin the pianist, for the obvious reason that he could never be regarded as a public player, and his best pupils were nearly all amateurs." I hope I have made the point that Chopin's music could not have been better presented.

THE film itself? A jumble of nonsense, of course. To begin with, Showpan is shown as a small child composing that D flat Valse which is now known as his opus 64. In the twinkling of an eye he grows up into a tall, strapping, full-faced young athlete—the actual C. was a short, thin, anaemic-looking wreck—and then apparently spends the next fifteen years or so with George Sand in Majorca. The facts are that C. left Vienna with the intention of visiting London, broke his journey in Paris, and stayed there except for the Majorca episode for the rest of his life. In 1837 his health began to fail and he spent his last twelve years struggling with tuberculosis. The year before he died, and being hard-up, he visited England and Scotland, giving private concerts in London and making not very successful appearances in Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Is there a film story here? If there is, it must largely be the tale of George Sand who looked like a horse and worked like a horse. There is a well-known tale of this novelist telling Balzac that she had finished her last story at four in the morning. "And then?" asked Honoré. "Then," said Madame, "I started my next." Actually she was a very great artist and a redoubtable thinker—which did not prevent her from being as a woman possessive and ridiculous. She ruined and shortened Chopin's life as she did Alfred de Musset's, and succeeded in being a woman of wit and an unmitigated nuisance and bore. No, there is no film here. Wherefore the authors have had recourse to a patriotic

Showpan weeping over the soil of his native country in order to provide funds for the Poles and making fictitious tours of the world's capitals including Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Amsterdam and Stockholm, all in Glorious Technicolor which marvellously reproduces the stain of blood on the ivory keys.

AND what is Paul Muni doing all this time? Just running off with the entire picture. He gives a first-class performance in the manner of the late Edward Terry, which I suppose means nothing to anybody today. That gifted creature, Merle Oberon, is about as much like George Sand as I am like de

Musset, but she does very well in a quite impossible part which consists mainly in sitting at a writing-table poising a quill the size of a broom and never writing a word. Anyhow, any one who can don a top hat with a long flowing skirt shows an amazing courage. As for Cornel Wilde I can only say that his Showpan is exactly like Haystack Duggeler in Runyon's tale. H., if you remember, was in love with Baseball Hattie and, says his creator, "with two ounces of brains, Haystack Duggeler will be the greatest pitcher that ever lives." Cornel must have these two ounces of brains since if he hasn't we are laughing at Showpan, and somehow we just aren't.



"*Step Lively*" is the second vehicle for Frank Sinatra (the wonder boy singer who makes simple women swoon) to reach this country within the last few months. The story concerns a Broadway producer who is down on his luck. Things look up when into his life there walks a naïve young playwright (Frank Sinatra). The young playwright turns out to have a wonderful voice. He sings, and sings, and sings. He is a sure-fire hit and he ends up by stealing the show and his producer's girl (nicely interpreted by Gloria De Haven)

The Theatre

"Happy and Glorious" (Palladium)

By Horace Horsnell

ALTHOUGH it is a wartime production, this "Musical Fanfare" has a peace-time éclat. The somewhat grandiloquent title, *Happy and Glorious*, suits it. It is true Variety, neither highbrow nor low, but just what the general public wants. And since good news travels fast and far, the big Palladium arena is packed twice daily.

The artists who present it are stars in their own right; not radio incubated or academy bred, but finished graduates of the hard school of experience. The galaxy is led by a youngish, lean, chinny comedian who, if you are a stranger to him, might be mistaken at first sight for a mere compère or barker, save that his irrepressible asides strike so personal a note that he seems more anxious to bark for himself than for the show.

The name, he cheerfully insists, is Trinder, which not only wakens echoes in your own mind, but makes the welkin vociferous. He is evidently no stranger to any one else in the house, and takes the footlights with the confidence of one arriving on a holiday, and the zest of a terrier at a threshing.

He presents the mask of a true clown, but creased by wit, not raddled with grease paint. He is obviously a "caution." His smile irradiates, and his eyes are eloquent with mischief as he lards cheek with charm. His confidences grow more personal, and provoke rebuke and counter-rebuke from two elderly ladies ensconced, with malice aforethought, in opposite side-boxes. These he cunningly placates, for he is a master of cockney blandishment; and the show proceeds happily, even gloriously.

VARIETY of this high quality is rare. It not only includes but incorporates wildly diverse

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Comedian and Premiere Danseuse of "Merry-Go-Round"

George Lacy compères the show. He also adds some very funny sketches of his own



Big Moments in "Happy and Glorious" at the Palladium

The internationally famous clowns, the Cairol Brothers, are as funny as ever



Zoe Gail and Tommy Trinder try a little lease-lend with the elusive taxi

elements. It is produced by Mr. Robert Nesbitt who has the creative touch. He is a methodist, not a go-as-you-pleaser. The programme is therefore composed, not thrown together. Its major diversions are displayed to individual advantage. The stars, while integral features of the show, are never dimmed. Such different talents as those of the delightful Cairol Brothers, warmhearted Elizabeth Welch, lively Zoe Gail, and the Dagenham Girl Pipers in heroic settings, follow each other like the proper courses of a well-ordered menu. The feast is both succulent and nourishing, and to its enjoyment the vast audiences bring just the right gusto.

In their deft devotion to the current caprices of the dance, the young ladies of the chorus temper justice with mercy. There is rhythm, of course, but it is not raucous; and the cohorts of instrumentalists glorify or appropriately galvanize melodies ancient and modern.

As rhythm leaders, both Elizabeth Welch and Zoe Gail are Palladium-size and mistresses of their contrasted specialities. Radio and screen may throw bright sidelights on Mr. Trinder, but he is emphatically an artist to see and hear in three dimensions. He, too, is not merely Palladium-size, but of traditional quality. A master of the extemporary gag, he at once establishes with his audience relations that, if not closer, are at least more cordial than those of a brother.

"Anglo-Russian Merry-go-Round" (Adelphi)

HERE is Variety of a different calibre, prepared, one feels, by an impresario to whom continental standards are more familiar than our own. Devised to celebrate our friendship with Russia, it has its characteristic points. Sunflowery revels by festive peasants who take their time from the polka, and gipsy nocturnes with their rhapsodies and staccato choruses, alternate with our less pastoral vaudeville.

These Russian singers have choral vigour and Slavonic warmth. A charming young dancer, Nina Tarakanova, touches fantasy with classical grace. The English items do not suffer from West End hauteur: that versatile comedian and panto dame-in-excelis, George Lacy, sees to that. His light touch and artistic restraint adorn extravaganzas. He has a flair for dress that dowagers might envy, and a figure that snakes should adore. And, as "Minnie the Menace from Minsk," he sets the seal of incredible chic on a bevy of equivocal sirens to whom metamorphosis is both art and second nature.



Nina Tarakanova is leader of the ballet. She is a lighthearted and enchanting ballerina



The finale (above) is a happy ending for everyone but Pierrot. The Sadler's Wells Ballet use a royal-blue decor, with a deep black-and-gold dado, which closely follows one of the original Bakst designs for "Carnaval"

"Carnaval"

A Fokine Revival by the Sadler's Wells Ballet

● *Carnaval* was revived by the Sadler's Wells Ballet in October for the first time since 1940, and the present production is probably the best this Company has achieved of Fokine's Schumann ballet, of which the mood, style and characterisations require to be so delicately, yet so exactly, caught. It has, in fact, been judged one of the best all-round revivals of *Carnaval* for many years. Next week, the last of the Company's season at the Princes Theatre, another ballet is to be revived for the first time for over four years—Frederick Ashton's *Nocturne*, which has music by Delius and decor by Sophie Fedorovitch

Photographs by Edward Mandinian



Margot Fonteyn is Columbine, looking, the connoisseurs say, very like Karsavina, who originally created the role. Alexis Rassine, lithe and volatile, is Harlequin



Without pathos, Pierrot is merely a buffoon and "Carnaval" so much the poorer. Robert Helpmann gives to that awkward, lonely figure its full value as a mock-tragic character



Pauline Clayden is Papillon, of whom the original creator was Bronislava Nijinska. Anne Negus also takes the role of the frivolous butterfly whom Pierrot (Robert Helpmann) tries in vain to capture



Eusebius and Chiarina are one of the several pairs of "Carnaval" lovers and flirts. David Paltenghi is Eusebius and Moira Shearer Chiarina here, she sharing performances of that role with Pamela May and Beryl Grey



Theatre and Film Evening Party

Mrs. Reynolds Albertini was joint chairman of the organising committee, and received the guests at the party, which was held at the May Fair Hotel, London, in aid of the First Women's Adjustment Board Centre. With her here is Col. James Veitch



The Dog and the Duchess

To celebrate the raising of £2,000,000 by the Red Cross Agricultural Penny-a-Week Fund, of which she is chairman, the Duchess of Marlborough was presented by her fellow-chairmen of local committees with a Labrador bitch, called Durley Dawn. Mr. R. W. Haddon made the presentation

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Family Loss

THE death of the veteran Earl of Strathmore, Her Majesty's father, naturally cast a gloom over the Court, especially as it followed so closely on that of Princess Beatrice. When news came that Lord Strathmore, who had been in failing health for a very long time, was sinking, the Queen at once decided to postpone her immediate engagements and travel by night train to Scotland. Before she left for Glamis, however, her father had died. The King journeyed north on the following night to join the Queen for the funeral.

Her Majesty last saw her father in the early autumn, when with the two Princesses she visited Glamis for a couple of days before coming south after her summer stay in Scotland.

Because of their grandfather's death, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were unable to be present, as they had intended, at the marriage of Lady Mary Palmer—who was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth earlier this year—to Major Anthony Strachey, son of Baron O'Hagan, at Westminster Abbey. Both the Princesses and the King and Queen sent wedding gifts to the young couple.

"Big Three" in London?

PROSPECTS of very busy days, with perhaps some social activity intermingled with the serious business of war-planning, are opened up by the suggestions that the next meeting of the "Big Three," to which Mr. Churchill referred optimistically in his Mansion House speech on Lord Mayor's Day, may take place in London. There is—and can be—no official indication of the venue to be chosen by the great triumvirate if and when they do meet again, but a number of people in various circles are already making advance preparations in case they do come to London.

Festivities in war-darkened London could hardly be on the same scale of excitement as those with which newly-liberated Paris has been greeting Mr. Churchill, on his first visit to the capital since those gloomy, but great, days

when he made his historic offer of union with Britain to M. Reynaud and his defeatist Cabinet, but both President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin would be assured of one of the greatest welcomes London has ever given to visiting foreigners.

Both the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill—and emphatically Miss Mary Churchill—

Reception

MOST of the large crowd who went to the reception given by the Allied Welcome Committee at the Dorchester, where the new French Ambassador and his wife were the guests of honour, were meeting M. and Madame

(Continued on page 234)



Princess Inspects an Ambulance

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands paid a visit recently to the newly-formed Netherlands Women's Auxiliary Corps, members of which were ready to leave for Holland when the military situation permitted. The Princess came to Britain from Canada in October, flying non-stop in an aircraft of R.A.F. Transport Command

Mothers and Children



Mrs. J. A. Phillips and Her Children

The wife of Lt. J. A. Phillips, R.N., was photographed with her children, Michael and Suzanne, at the home of her father, Buriton, Petersfield. She is the daughter of Col. A. L. Bonham-Carter, D.S.O., 60th Rifles, who is now serving abroad, and of Mrs. Auriol Gaselee. Her marriage took place in 1937

Photographs by
Compton Collier

Right: The wife of Lt.-Col. Peter Barclay, D.S.O., M.C., The Royal Norfolk Regiment, was Miss Rosemary Parker Jervis before her marriage in 1940. Lt.-Col. Barclay, who is now serving in North-West Europe, was the first officer of the war to be decorated, and was recently awarded the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry in Normandy



Mrs. John Temple with Her Daughter, Diana

Mrs. Temple is the youngest daughter of Brig.-Gen. H. W. Hare, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Hare, of Ballymore House, Co. Cork, and Town Close, Norwich. Her husband, Capt. John Temple, was A.D.C. to the Governor of South Australia during the first year of the war, and is now serving with the R.A.S.C. In his absence, his wife manages the farm at their home in Cheshire, where he breeds Friesian cattle



Mrs. Peter Barclay and Her Son, Robin

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Massigli for the first time. Madame Massigli speaks excellent English, which is not surprising, for she told me that she went to school in Bournemouth. The Ambassador is also well acquainted with our language, though, as he humorously said, "I speak French better." Madame Massigli looked very smart in a high-crowned, black felt hat decorated with sparkling gold fringes; Lord Winterton was chatting with her, and on leaving kissed her hand like a real French courtier. Ethel Lady Rumbold received the guests with Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., and some of his fellow-legislators there included Lord Fermoy, Capt. Leonard Plugge (who is delighted with the twins, a boy and a girl, just born to his good-looking wife), Sir Gifford Fox, and Lord Strabolgi with his wife and a daughter. Maud Duchess of Wellington came with her attractive young cousin, 3rd Officer Jocelyn Hope, W.R.N.S., and sat for a time on the edge of the little platform with Lady (Cecil) Lowther. Lady Moncreiffe brought her pretty girl in her Wren uniform, and among the many young men I saw Lt. the Hon. Simon Warrender, R.N.V.R.

St. Andrew's Day Fair

LORD BENNETT is to open the United Charities Fair at Grosvenor House on Thursday of next week, the 30th. At 11 a.m. he will be met and piped to the platform by children from the Royal Caledonian Schools, who will



Lenare

Two Interesting Engagements

Miss Johanne Patricia Cloherty, youngest daughter of Mr. Gerald Cloherty and the late Mrs. Cloherty, formerly of Foster Park, Galway, Eire, is to marry Mr. Ralph Etherton, M.P., only son of the late Capt. Louis Etherton and Mrs. Etherton

Miss Rosemary Marsden, youngest daughter of Mr. R. E. Marsden, Bursar of Eton College, and the Hon. Mrs. Marsden, is engaged to Capt. the Hon. Frederick Lee Cawley, Leicestershire Yeomanry, eldest son of Lord and Lady Cawley, of Berrington Hall, Leominster

Bassano



Evenings Out: Some People Seen at the Mirabell

Stuebe

Lt.-Cdr. Lord Bridport, recently returned from several years at sea, was having dinner in a corner of the restaurant with Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. L. Himmers and Mrs. J. Little

Mr. J. H. Nisa and the Duchess of Grafton were at another table. She married the Duke as his third wife this summer, and was previously the widow of Lt.-Cdr. J. T. Currie, R.N.

also give an exhibition at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Fair is to remain open until 6.30, and at 8 p.m. dancing will begin to Miss Josephine Bradley's Ballroom orchestra.

One of the big attractions of the Fair will be the Portal House, but there will also be many other "big" events. In the evening, children from Maud Wells's School of Dancing will give a cabaret show with a distinctly Scottish flavour, assisted by a pipe-major of the Scots Guards. Foursomes and eightsomes will be danced at 11 p.m., and stage, screen and radio stars have promised to come along to give their support. One of the many charities which are to benefit from the Fair is the Royal Naval War Libraries. The Libraries are running a stall where blotters, engagement books and all kinds of attractive and really useful Christmas presents will be sold.

At the Egyptian Embassy

THE reception given by the Egyptian Ambassador at the Embassy in South Audley Street must have filled H.E. with mixed feelings, as it was the first time that he was able to stand at the top of the stairs to receive his friends with his newly-wed English wife by his side,

and the last at which he could do so as the diplomatic envoy of his country, for owing to his marriage to one other than of his own nationality, he has had to resign his post. However, both Dr Hassan Nashat Pasha and his wife seemed in excellent spirits, and Madame Nashat Pasha was looking quite charming in a pretty frock of blue and silver lamé, with silver sandals. An early arrival was the Spanish Ambassador, whom I met on the doorstep just greeting Violet Lady Melchett and Sir George and Lady Frankenstein. The Portuguese Ambassador and the Duchess of Palmella were there, and so were the Brazilian Ambassador and Doña Isabel Moñiz de Aragao, all four of whom are going to their own countries to spend Christmas. Lord Cromer came early; so did Mrs. Arthur James, who was chatting for a while with Lord Courtauld-Thomson. Lady Abingdon, looking wonderfully well after her severe operation, was another guest, and so were Lady Dashwood, Lord Londonderry, Lady Reading, Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant (who had just returned from Brussels after retrieving some of their belongings which they left at the Embassy there), Sir Percy Loraine and Lord and Lady Greenwood.

After Dim-out

RESTAURANT life proceeds apace, and patient queues waiting for tables are the rule rather than the exception. At one restaurant recently I saw Brig. Derek Schreiber, who is accompanying the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to Australia when the Duke goes to take up his appointment as Governor-General, being entertained by a small party of friends; Lt.-Col. Kenneth Wagg was greeting friends while waiting for his guests to arrive; Sir Thomas and Lady Cook were dining together; and Lt.-Col. Paul Bryan, who was awarded both the D.S.O. and the M.C. for gallantry in North Africa and Italy, was with Capt. and Mrs. Hollebone. At the May Fair, Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, very elegant in beautiful black velvet, was receiving guests at the Theatre and Film Evening party organised to help to open the first Women's Adjustment Board Centre. Among her guests at dinner were Sir Giles and Lady Loder, Col. James Veitch and his sister, Mrs. "Weenie" Dudley Porter; Mr. Ivor Maclaren, invalided out of the Air Force and once again in civilian life; and Lady Christopher Courtney, whose husband, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, is now overseas on an important mission.

(Concluded on page 248)

Dining and Dancing

In Three of London's Favourite Spots

Photographs at Bagatelle, Ciro's and Mirabell by Swaebe



Soup to start with for Lady Amy Biddulph, who was dining with her husband, the Hon. Michael Biddulph. She is Lord Normanton's sister



The Earl of Ronaldshay, with his sister, Lady Jean Christie, and Lt. E. C. Connor, had just sat down to dinner when the photographer passed by

Left: Waiting for her table was Mrs. Jardine-Hunter-Paterson, with the Earl of Mount Charles, Lt. Ronald Traquair and Lt. Mitchison



Home again after five years' service abroad, Major G. A. Murray-Smith took his wife out to dine. She was formerly Ulrica Thynne



Cousins seen out together were the Hon. Robin Plunket and Mrs. Michael Nevill



Capt. Fulke Walwyn, of Grand National fame, and his wife were dining à deux. He trains in Berkshire



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson gave a party for their daughter. Some of the young people there: Miss Anne Crichton, Mr. Ivor Herbert, Miss Virginia Hutchinson and Mr. Alastair Waterhouse.



Lady Dashwood was hostess to this party, which included Mr. Naylor Leyland, her daughter Sarah (who is in the W.R.N.S.), Mr. H. Middleton, her son Francis Dashwood and Miss Angela Jackson

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WITH characteristic good form Auntie *Times's* Agricultural Correspondent the other day laid the blame for the rather disappointing winter milk-supply on the weather. Down in the Hick Belt we know better. It's the Agricultural Psychology Bureau which needs a smart hayfork in the pants, in our rugged opinion.

Four obvious reasons the winter milk-supply is disappointing are as follow:

1. The Bureau's visiting string-quartets to stimulate milk-production gave the cows too much Bach;
2. The Bureau's poetry-recital department gave the cows too much T. S. Eliot;
3. The Bureau's travelling theatre gave the cows too much Ibsen;
4. The Bureau's art-department gave the cows too many exhibitions by palsied R.A.s.

Apart from this, the Stensch String Quartet, which visited our local byres in the South, was typically bureaucratic and impertinent. A yeoman farmer having been taken ill with groaning noises during a recital, M. Wenceslaus Stensch, the leader, a hairy and passionate Czech, had the following heated conversation afterwards with our local Agricultural Psychology Overseer:

"I fancy, M. Stensch, your *rubati* were—er—a trifle unbalanced?"

"Ow the 'ell d'you expect the boys to do their stuff with a guy 'eavin' an' groanin' right in front?"

"I noticed no noises out of the ordinary."

"Cor love a duck I couldn't 'ardly 'ear meself bowin' 'in the 'Andel number!'"

"Sure it wasn't a cow showing appreciation?"

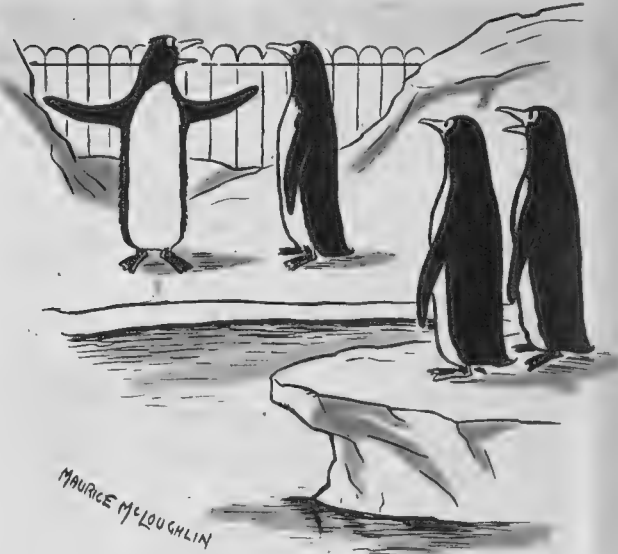
"Cow my left foot, me and the boys we played to 'undreds of cows since the Ministry started this 'ere racket and you could of 'eard a pin drop."

Result: so far from being stimulated, most of our local Jerseys temporarily dried up, apart from spavined hocks, œdematous kneecaps, and Goffin's Udder.

Ersatz

IF Carcassonne has been partially destroyed by the Germans, as reported, the artistic loss is not so grievous as a score of others (Warsaw, for example), Carcassonne being bogus, like the Law Courts in the Strand.

The architect Viollet-le-Duc restored Carcassonne in the 1850's, unless we err, as he restored the West Front of Notre-Dame and Amiens and Pierrefonds and other historic jewels, pretty vigorously. There are some who say Viollet-le-Duc should have been warned gently beforehand in a low, thrilling voice by a tall quiet girl in grey silk. In that case Carcassonne would not have had a pseudo-Gothic hotel to-day, and our feeling about 19th-century Gothic hotels (e.g. St. Pancras) is that they are simply ideal for a rather dull and mediocre murder, with a lot of grumbly, distracted chambermaids looking in crossly and saying "Oh, what is it?" The corpse would have a bowler hat and a little bag full of literature pertaining to the insurance business. Irritating little bells would ring all the time.



"That's all he does—talk about what the food was like before the war"

Glasgow business men would hang round the corridors, picking their teeth.

There is little "class," as the police say, to a murder like that. You wouldn't even have to be in evening clothes, as you would for a murder at the Ritz. The whole thing stinks.

Illusion

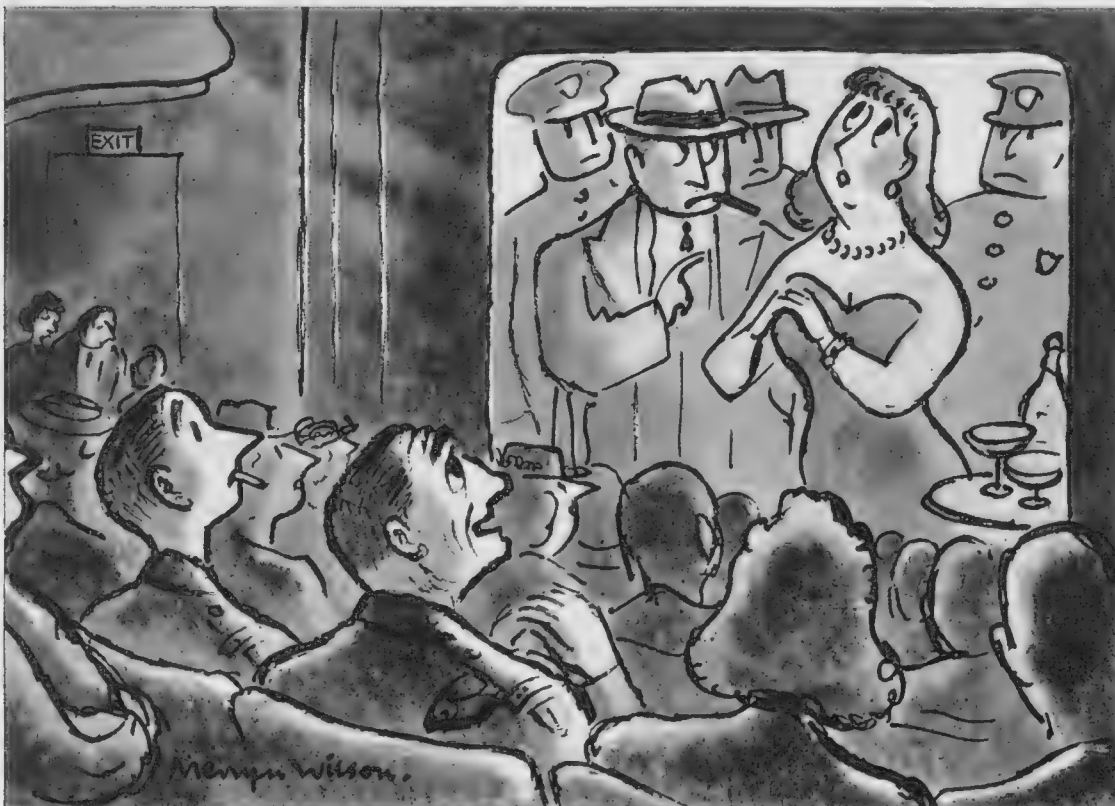
BEYOND all doubt (as the dons say when they are about to spring some more than usually dubious fantasy on an apathetic public) the Oxford Canning Club, now appealing for missing records, has had a brisk letter or two recently in appalling English, beginning: "Dear Sirs, ref. your inquiry even date, can quote you deadline cut-prices bulk f.o.b. hake, cod . . ."

We deduce this because the Goat Club used to get letters from inquiring chaps in the Angora industry. The only member of the Goat Club—a small but imperious gunnery lieutenant—we ever saw actually in contact with a live goat rocketted off on his bean after a tempestuous five-minute exhibition of *la haute école* halfway round a paddock: the goat is smiling still. That sailor should have taken lessons in hircitation, we still think, from one of the P.E.N. Club girls who fly regularly to witches' sabbats in this way. As for the Oxford Canning Club, we needn't remind you well-informed sweethearts that it takes its name from the late-Georgian Tory statesman and emancipator, who also toyed with light satiric verse, much admired by those who think it good.

Footnote

OTHER misleading clubs are the Devonshire, where very few members live on cider and squabpie and say "thiccy" and "down-along," the Savage, where they do not eat each other (they say), the Eccentric, which is full of hardheaded bookies, the Authors', which is full of civil engineers, or was last time we were there, the (late) Bombay Bicycle Club, New York, which had nothing to do with Bombay and still less with bicycles, and the Jockey Club, Paris, which is full of dukes. Join our village Goose Club and win a nice tin of substitute-Spam for Christmas.

(Concluded on page 238)



"She was my pin-up girl in the last war"



Carl von Schriener, of the Berlin Cultural Department, falls in love with the Parisian singer Gay Girard (Karel Stepanek, Maria Elsner)

Lisbon Story Re-told

An Old Success in New Surroundings
at the Stoll

● *The Lisbon Story*, described as a cross between a topical melodrama and an operetta, which proved such a success at the London Hippodrome, has moved to a new home at the Stoll. Here, with Maria Elsner playing the part originally created by Patricia Burke and Karel Stepanek as Carl von Schriener, this exciting drama with music, which flits from Paris (in peace) to Lisbon (in war) and back again to Paris (occupied by the Nazis), is as tuneful and popular as ever. A ballet—"Wisdom, Innocence, Piety, Evil"—is included, with Lamar and Rosita as principal dancers, and the now famous "Fisherman's Song" is part of the show



Gay Girard, the Darling of the Paris Theatre (Maria Elsner)

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Nazi and anti-Nazi meet on the quayside at Valero (Maria Elsner, Hilary Allen, Jack Livesey, Barrie Livesey. The sinister figure with the camera is Karel Stepanek)



Principal dancers in the national festival at Valero are Lamar and Rosita, friends of Gay's, who follow her back to Paris and give their support in the new show which she organises there

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Arcadiana

ATHENS RADIO having resumed its charming signature-call, the sheep-bells mingled with the Pipes of Pan, the Greeks may well pause amid their acrid domestic scuffles now and again to hear the voice of Theocritus calling to them over the thyme-scented uplands of the Golden Age, and feel ashamed.

The same placid call would arouse curious passions on the London Stock Exchange, a chap tells us. From "Pan" comes "panic," and these periodical panics on the Stock Exchange imply not only frenzied howlings in Capel Court apparently, but an atavistic urge to chase and capture the flying nymphs, as you see stockbrokers with horns and hoofs doing on Greek vases, often with choice Attic or Doric inscriptions underneath. *E.g.:*

"Oh, Mr. Goatfoot, you are awful!"

"Don't call me Mr. Goatfoot, little girl, call me Laddie."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, not if it was ever so!"

The traditional Brighton technique, one might almost say. Our information, indeed, is that Debussy's tone-poem was originally called *L'Après-Midi d'un Agent de Change*, and inspired by all those stout rosy chaps in natty plus-fours dreaming sweetly in the Royal Albion lounge on a Sunday afternoon. Moreover, when Grigorieva danced the *Après-Midi* with Massine one of her plastic poses—head inclined left, left arm up and bent, hand open—was an exact interpretation of the old Greek formula known as Coy Acquiescence in Pressing Invitation to Lordly Feast, rendered on vases thus:

"Well, little girl, what about a spot of lunch?"

"Well, I don't mind, not particularly, seeing it's you."

"Taxi!"

A taxi in Theocritus' time was a light chariot driven by a citizen whose figure and poses, while slowly undressing himself to find change for a drachma, were truly exquisite.

Gorill

MANY chaps who look like gorillas must have derived secret satisfaction from the Fleet Street boys' recent write-up of Dr. Petiot, the bearded Paris physician mixed up in a multiple murder-case, who was known in the Faubourg St. Denis as "Tarzan" owing to his habit of standing at open windows exposing a huge hairy chest during his breathing-exercises.

This made the neighbours fear and respect Dr. Petiot, though he apparently did not, as many chaps of the gorilla type do, drum in a sinister way on his chest. Many a powerful little ugly Big Business man would give a great deal to inspire terror so easily. We knew one who used to throw dishes on the floor in a rage at meal-times, like Napoleon. This terrified people for a time, but the cowering soon grew merely "token," and little actresses would use lipstick while shivering. Bending pokers is

another waste of effort; when you've seen one poker bent in the library after dinner by a pair of huge red hands, you've seen the lot. Dr. Petiot's calmer technique is the one we should employ personally if we were a gorilla chap.

Footnote.

A SIMPLE kind heart generally makes it difficult for gorilla chaps to do their stuff properly. We've always felt sorry for poor hairy Mr. Hyde, who was always just getting into his stride when he turned into mousy Dr. Jekyll again. Jaded rich women would get more thrill out of Mr. Hyde's bedside manner anyway, and indeed many of the more alert Harley Street boys are successfully adopting it. What the hell's wrong with you? What? Hey? Get off that damned bed, you hag! Oh, doctor, darling!

House

RUMINATING in this page recently on the charm of banks and the great courtesy of bankers, whose welcome varies in method but never in great-heartedness, we somehow overlooked the most attractive bank in London, a City correspondent reminds us; namely Mr. Child's well-known establishment at Temple Bar. Many of the best people, we find, have



"Well, where on earth can he go?"

banked with the House of Child in their time—Charles II, Prince Rupert, Cromwell, Dryden, Pepys, and that sweetheart whose constant need of ready dough prompted an urgent note to the manager which Mr. Child still treasures:

Mr. Jackson.

Madame Gwyn desires you will come to her today for her Jewells. I am your Servt.

JAS. BOOTH

Wed. 2 o'Clock.

Pray fayle not to come this Afternoon.

There is a still more charming incident recorded in the archives. Supping at Temple Bar one night in 1782 with the Mr. Child of the period, the Earl of Westmoreland said casually, "If you were in love with a young lady and her father refused his consent, what would you do?" "Run away with her," laughed the gallant banker; and the Earl accordingly did so with Mr. Child's own daughter.

Footnote

ALL this inherited dash and diablerie naturally influences the manager's welcome nowadays. A grave major-domo in purple with an ivory staff to usher you in; six tall footmen in white gloves to carry you out—these, a chap tells us, are two of the amenities you enjoy with an account at Child's. Those chaps you see shot out on the pavement are probably the kind of oafs who think it good form to lead a fashionable conversation on to Society elopements.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Don't be so absurd, Miss Pilkington; the Babes in the Wood were found covered with beech leaves"

Famous Aces of the R.A.F.



S/Ldr. Roderick Learoyd, V.C., known as "Babe," was awarded the V.C. in August 1940 for a successful attack on the Dortmund-Ems Canal, and was one of the first bomber pilots to attack Germany. A fruit-farmer in the Argentine before the war, he later became an automobile engineer and salesman in Britain.



G/Capt. P. G. Jameson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, a New Zealander born in Wellington, joined up in 1936. He won the D.F.C. while serving in Norway with the 46 Squadron, later commanded the 266 Squadron, and was awarded the Bar for night fighting. Sunk with H.M.S. Glorious, he spent three days in Arctic waters on a raft. Jameson got the D.S.O. for work over France.



W/Cdr. P. B. Lucas, D.S.O., D.F.C., educated at Stowe, captained the school at cricket, Rugby and golf, and later captained both Cambridge and England at golf. Trained in Canada, he did some fine work with a Spitfire squadron in Malta, winning the D.F.C. He was awarded the D.S.O. this year as leader of a Spitfire wing.



G/Capt. J. R. Gordon-Finlayson, D.S.O., D.F.C., son of Gen. Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, was decorated for his work mainly in the Middle East and Greece, where he commanded the 211 Squadron. He is a barrister, and before the war was A.D.C. to the Governor of Kenya. He was educated at Winchester and Cambridge, where he joined the University Air Squadron.



Teresa Takes Charge of Her Sister and the Pony



Cowdray Park, Midhurst, Sussex

Family of Five

Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray
with Their Children at Cowdray



Lady Cowdray and Four of Her Dogs



"Now Then, All Together—Jump"



● Michael Orlando Weetman Pearson, Lord and Lady Cowdray's young son and heir, was born last June. He carries on a family tradition in bearing the name of Weetman, which was that of both his great-grandfather and his grandfather, and is also that of his father. Cowdray Park, where in pre-war days the Cowdray Polo Tournament was held during Goodwood Week, is now partially given over to military purposes. Lord Cowdray married in 1939 Lady Anne Bridgeman, daughter of the Earl of Bradford. While serving in the Royal Artillery, he was severely wounded at Dunkirk, losing an arm, and from 1941-42 was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for Air. The two little girls are Teresa, aged four, and Liza Jane, who is two years younger

Photographs by Swaebe



Lord and Lady Cowdray With Their Children



A Smart Turnout for Getting About in Wartime



Fred Daniels

Wendy Hiller in a New Film

Wendy Hiller has forsaken Shaw for her next film, which is a new one written specially for her by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. The film is called *I Know Where I'm Going*, and tells the story of a young girl from the Midlands (Wendy Hiller) who, while travelling to the tiny island of Kiloran to be married to a wealthy man, is delayed by storm and gale and detained on the Isle of Mull awaiting fair weather. Here she meets an impoverished young Highlander with whom she falls in love. Her subsequent inner struggle with the new emotional standards, which she meets for the first time among the island people, is the background of this love-story—the first love-story to be written by Powell and Pressburger—the team which together produced *49th Parallel*, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, and, more recently, *A Canterbury Tale*. In private life, Wendy Hiller is the wife of Ronald Gow, the dramatic author. They have two children

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"



Richardson, Worcester

An Opening Meet in Warwickshire

The first meet of the Croome Foxhounds was held at Croome Court, home of the Countess of Coventry, who is Joint-Master of the Hunt. Her husband, the late Earl of Coventry, a former Master, was killed in action in 1940

Dawn

A MOST charming Voice recently informed the massed brains of the B.B.C. that that hour which finds the night at odds with the dawn, made its owner feel like nothing upon earth. This condition is by no means abnormal, for there are many to whom "Dawn's Left Hand" feels exactly like a wet fish, and who make no profession at all to be fit for human consumption until the sun is well over the mast-head. The medical faculty perhaps has a quick explanation for this, since it has been established that many people are nearer the Next Station when the day is very young than they are at any other hour in the twenty-four. It is, admittedly, a somewhat difficult period, but it seems to have inspired the bards, so there must be something in its favour. That morning in old Verona for a taste! The occasion, of course, was somewhat exceptional. The romantic Romeo drew attention to the envious streaks which laced the severing clouds in yonder East, and followed up this remark by telling his adored one that night's candles

were burnt out, and that jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops; meaning, of course, the Apennines, mere hummocks to some others that other swains have gazed upon at that particular hour without the comforting knowledge of a safe line of retreat down a rope-ladder.

Another Poet

THAT wicked old Omar bids people to awake when Morning in the Bowl of Night flings the stone that puts the stars to flight—a method of reveillé practised to this very day in the tents of Ishmael; a stone, or a dagger, in a bronze bowl, it does not matter.

An unpleasant way, as I think, of compelling you to show a leg, but in the next line the old Tent-maker tells you that, if you then open your heavy eyes, you may be rewarded by seeing the Hunter of the East catch the Sultan's turret in a noose of light. Anyone who has ever seen some delicate minaret in the Eastern Dawn's softest violet light may agree that Old Khayyam's poetic flight is quite justified. But all these poets can say nothing to those who simply cannot abide being awakened by Phoebus's kisses, and much prefer breakfast in bed and absolute silence until it is 'Levenes time. Nevertheless, I think that it would be only fair upon their part to admit the poets have done their best to make them like the Dawn.

Spot Barred

UNFORTUNATELY for certain persons in Eire, but fortunately for those on this side of St. George's Channel, the N.H.C. order, published in the *Racing Calendar* on November 9th, does not furnish them with material for a repetition of the parrot-cry of "Another unjustus to ould Oireland!" This, no doubt, will have disappointed the political grievance-mongers. The N.H.C. edict is quite impartial, for it bans all horses that were in training, or were located, outside England, Scotland and Wales on June 1st, 1941, or have been sent out of those countries since that date. The ban, therefore, also hits Northern Ireland. Even if only Irish-owned horses had been banned, the N.H. Stewards' ruling would have been pre-eminently just, for the horses in Ireland have been in training, and, what is even more important, in public practice all through the war, whereas ours have not; and furthermore numbers have been put down owing to the rationing of oats, etc. To put it very low indeed, "neutral" Eire has not known that there is a war on, the only reminder of the fact having been the presence in her midst of the emissaries of nations at war with Great Britain, the United States, and their Allies. The N.H.C. ruling hits English owners like Miss Dorothy Paget, Lord Bicester and Lord Sefton very hard, because they, each and all, own high-class steeplechase horses which might have had a chance to reduce



First Day Out with the Croome

The three ladies in the picture, photographed at the opening meet of the Croome, were Mrs. Fred Rimell, Mrs. Langham Miller, wife of the Joint-Master, and the Countess of Coventry, Joint-Master

the corn bill if they had been permitted to come over here and compete against our unready brigade. Mr. J. V. Rank, who is not, I believe, an Irishman, is also a sufferer, as his crack Prince Regent likewise comes under the ban. However, this can be no great hardship, for no Grand National can be run at Aintree, or any substitute at any other course, until 1946 at the earliest. We get our first meeting in the south at the hard-worked little Windsor course on Boxing Day, and the northerners are catered for at Wetherby. Windsor will be the only adjacent place for the inhabitants of Bomb Alley, for Cheltenham, the only other licensed venue in the south, is much too far away. The northerners' other licensed course is Catterick.

And So Thanks

IT is such a favourite pastime with some people to cuss everyone but the right man that it would appear to be only seemly and gracious to bestow praise and thanks upon those who have worked so hard to get the racing public this added chance of keeping off winter boredom. Two names stand out amongst those who have won an uphill fight—those of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Rosebery. It has not been an easy task to procure even this strictly limited jumping season, for there were, and there still

(Concluded on page 244)



Hoping to Ride This Season

Above are W/Cdr. and Mrs. P. D. O. Vaux and their small son, Anthony. W/Cdr. Vaux, a well-known amateur rider before the war, hopes to ride this season if R.A.F. leave permits. He has ridden in the Grand National and won the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

are, plenty of good answers to the case they had to put forward. Be it said at the same time that the authorities—in this case the Home Office in particular, were not, and are not, Stigginses, and have been compelled solely by Giant Circumstance to be very wary. No one excepting the very ignorant would contend that, although both Germany and Japan have lost their respective wars in the military sense, we have quite finished winning them. We have got both these pariah nations by the throat, but we have not yet broken their necks. We shall no doubt hear that ominous click moderately soon, but it has not come yet.



D. R. Stuart

Athletes in the R.A.F.

They are: S/Ldr. V. G. Smith, Sussex golfer and amateur champion in 1939; F/Lt. T. Hampson, winner of the half-mile for England in 1930-32 and the 800 yards at the Olympic Games in 1932; and F/O. A. L. Murray, who captained Oxford at golf, was tried for the Walker Cup and also played cricket for Warwickshire



Army Rugby Players Who Beat the R.A.F. at Coventry

Capt. A. L. Warr, R.A., Oxford Rugby Blue, now instructor at the R.M.C., Sandhurst, was reserve for the Army, C. B. Holmes, the Olympic runner, one of the principal scorers, and E. Ward, of Bradford, was right centre-three-quarter



D. R. Stuart

Captain of the Army team which beat the R.A.F. at Coventry by 18 points to 15 was Lt. A. J. Risman, recently back from active service, and he was assisted at scrum-half by the Welsh international, Haydn Tanner

A V-2 Theory

A VERY brainy correspondent, who, as I happen to know, is a ballistics expert, advances an interesting theory as to why a good many of these long-distance rocket-shells burst in the air. He suggests that some of them are not fired so as to give them an elevation which would take them 70 miles up into the air, but with a much lower trajectory, enough to get sufficient range, but not high enough to freeze them. Before they reach a 70-mile altitude they must be extremely hot, and if they do not enter that stratospheric height they get no cooling-off, and, therefore, go on getting hotter and hotter as they fly towards their target, which need only be about 200 miles away. Thus, he says, the charge may reach ignition-point and then bang goes the whole shooting match. It seems to be a feasible suggestion to me, but then, I am not a gunnery specialist.

Any More for the Sky Lark?

ALL this has given the Inter-Planetary Societies a grand kick, and I observe that someone is again talking about trips to the moon.

The enthusiasts are, in fact, saying: "Any more for a sky lark?" The last time that this matter was mooted, if I remember rightly, a single first-class, we were told, would cost us £50,000. Nothing whatever was so much as suggested about a return ticket; no information given as to hotel accommodation at the other end—just this blunt announcement about the one-way ticket. Some pernickety people who asked about the bump the other end, landing-grounds on the Rocky (Lunar) Mountains, were called duck-hearts, and told to shut up. The method of propulsion in the Lunar Special was, so far as I remember, very similar to that employed in V-2—a series of powerful explosions in the bustle of the thing, and this, no doubt, would add materially to the enjoyment of any nervous passenger. The speed of the V-2 is said to be about 900 m.p.h. The distance from, say, Hyde Park Corner to the moon is roughly 240,000 miles. Even if we give the Inter-Planetary Rocket Express 1000 m.p.h., the crossing is going to be rather longer than many people will like, and it might be a very bumpy one.



"Australia at War" Exhibition in London

The Duke of Gloucester visited the exhibition at Simpson's, Piccadilly, which was opened on November 7th by Lord Cranborne. With his Royal Highness are Major A. Huskisson, M.C., Dr. S. L. Simpson, Lt.-Gen. E. K. Smart, D.S.O., M.C., Mrs. Simpson, and Lt.-Col. F. G. Sutton



Ernest Brookes

Family Group at Buckingham Palace

When Major H. D. King-Farlow, R.A.S.C., received an award at a recent Investiture, he was accompanied to the Palace by his father and mother, Sir Sydney and Lady King-Farlow, and by his wife. He was decorated for gallant conduct in carrying out hazardous work in a very brave manner

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers at a Northern Naval Air Station

Front row: Lts. D. S. Hooper, R.N.V.R., J. A. C. Knott, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. G. D. Wyatt, R.N.V.R., Lts. (A) J. D. Sayer, R.N.V.R., J. Finlayson, R.N.V.R. Back row: Lt. L. Seymour-Smith, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lts. J. Preston, R.N.V.R., L. Lingard-Lane, R.N.V.R., Lt. W. A. Batchelor, R.N.V.R.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of the Royal Naval School of Air Combat

Standing: Sub-Lt. (A) S. C. Philpot, R.N.V.R., Lts. J. G. Baldwin, R.N., (A) I. F. Voller, R.N.V.R. Sitting: Lt. D. L. Curry, D.S.C., R.N., Lt.-Cdr. C. P. Campbell-Horsfall, R.N. (C.O.), Lt.-Cdr. (A) R. E. Gardner, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. K. M. Pritchard, W.R.N.S.

Right—front row: Capt. A. W. Nesbitt, H. N. Palethorpe, Majors C. S. E. Wright, W. H. Major, T. H. Balderston, M.M., Capt. H. Hallam, D.C.M., R.A., Major E. S. Wallis, M.M., Lt.-Col. C. E. Jay (C.O.), Capt. W. Swaby, M.C. (A. and Q.), Majors P. W. Straw, M.C., H. R. Searby, R. R. H. Matthews, R. S. Hudson, Capt. C. S. R. Overton. Second row: Lts. R. W. Riggall, G. F. H. Heane, F. S. Cantwell, R. M. Close, R. F. J. Ricks, G. J. Barratt, M.M., Capt. R. N. Kinneson, H. H. Thompson, F. F. Temple, G. Watson, W. J. G. Kent, Lts. R. E. Frearson, K. Clark, H. U. Dixon, J. H. Fairhead, H. S. Gardiner. Third row: Lts. J. Taylor, M.M., H. Belton, A. Coppin, M.M., W. J. Drakes, W. E. Latcham, J. W. Hebdon, G. A. T. Burton, A. L. Roberts, C. C. Parker, G. White, H. Burnett, R. B. D. Brooks, H. A. Gale, R. W. Constable, J. W. Poucher, S. H. Twelvetees, F. W. E. Pooley. Fourth row: Lts. A. E. Watkinson, H. Brewer, G. H. Parkinson, D.C.M., J. G. Manning, F. Bucknall, S. G. Hoyle, F. W. Burditt, F. G. Thompson, W. R. H. Tuplin, L. Garfoot, R. J. N. Guion, G. Parkinson, C. Mountain, P. H. Lambert, F. Hemphall, 2nd Lts. S. C. Lucas, R. H. Mowbray. Back row: R.S.M. J. W. Brompton, Lt. G. Rooke, 2nd Lts. C. F. Adlard, J. J. Blackburn, J. R. Harrison, W. C. Dawson, J. L. Roughton, R. J. Scott, N. L. C. Bradford, E. V. Candler, J. Barnatt, E. K. Maddison, Lt. L. Paddon, 2nd Lts. F. Wells, G. E. Parker, R.Q.M.S. C. R. Warner. (Absent: Capt. T. Chapman)



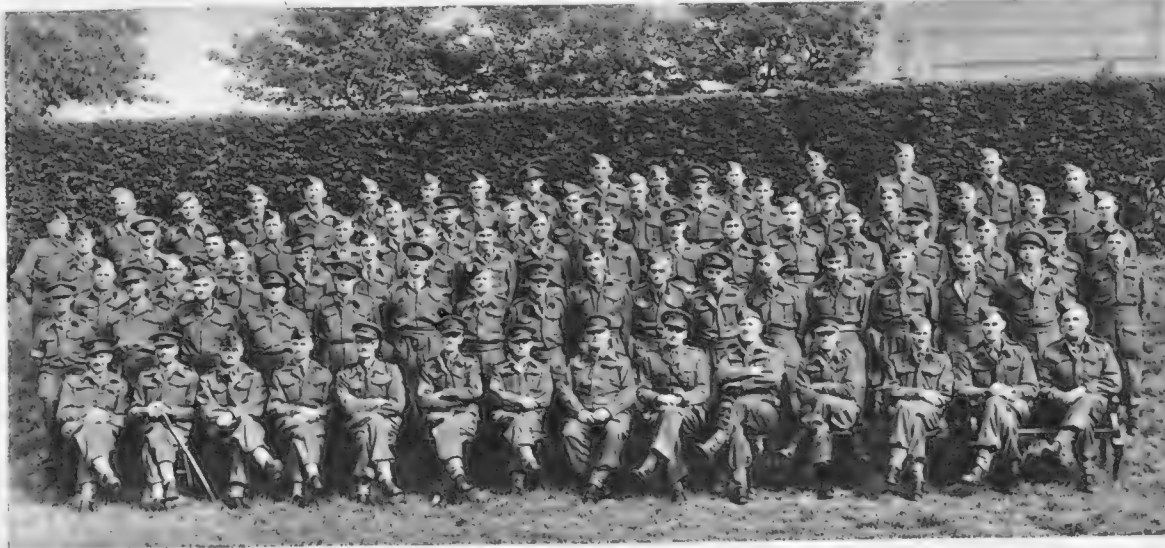
Officers of a Coastal Force Flotilla

Front row: Lt. T. Smith, S/Lt. E. D. Macintosh, Lts. M. T. Cook, R. L. Foster, E. C. D. Custance, I. L. Walker, P. L. Wayre, S/Lt. R. Skelly, Lt. J. M. Sambrook. Middle row: S/Lts. B. F. P. Millard, N. J. Bowler, Lts. H. E. Goodbourn, (E) R. Angear, S/Lts. (E) R. E. Walker, A. B. Mills. Back row: S/Lts. I. Henderson, J. C. Cummings, J. B. F. Bardsley, W. J. K. Ritchie, A. B. Trask. (All officers are R.N.V.R.)



Officers of a Royal Marine Field Formation

Front row: Majors B. J. Mabbott, J. Bolingbroke, G. F. Gowland, J. Brooksbank, Lt.-Col. W. L. Hawkins, R.A., Lt.-Col. S. V. Peskett, Col. A. J. Harvey, O.B.E., Lt.-Col. H. S. Stephens, Capt. H. P. Morris, Majors R. J. Freeman, M. B. Johnson, C. N. B. Aspinall. Second row: Lt. J. Y. Scott, Capt. E. M. Richardson, J. A. M. Thomas, Lt. W. T. Warren, Surg. Lt. R. P. M. Miles, R.N.V.R., Capt. A. W. Nash, S. H. Braithwaite, Surg. Lts. A. E. McGregor, R.N.V.R., A. Tomney, R.N.V.R., Lt. G. D. Bagley, Capt. K. Stead. Third row: Capt. R. Kaye, Lt. P. Casper, Capt. E. B. Norton, H. J. P. Wensley, Lt. I. M. McMillan, Capt. D. G. Thomas, Lts. J. Pogson, A. R. Thew, Capt. H. C. McKew, Lts. F. Smith, P. A. Wilkinson, Capt. J. D. Scott, Lt. R. G. Docherty. Fourth row: Lt. C. R. Lambert, Capt. F. McG. Couper, Lts. D. A. T. Atkins, A. R. Brewer, A. J. Roberts, Capt. W. A. Hipwell, Lts. C. K. Brown, M.C., B. M. Coles, Capt. L. L. A. McKay, M.C., C. C. W. Swift, K. R. M. Perrott, M.C. Back row: Capt. S. T. Wignmore, Lt. C. A. D. Bircher, M.C., Capt. S. R. Whitfield, Lt. R. S. Bate, Capt. T. McM. Winter, J. D. Brown, Lt. B. V. P. Kendall, Capt. T. E. C. Porter, Lt. F. W. Smith, Capt. L. H. Garnier, Lt. M. J. Knowles



Officers of the 10th Lindsey (Skegness) Battalion, Lincolnshire Home Guard

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"Happiness is an Odd Thing"

JANIE suddenly said, "Do you think, Granny, that Great-Aunt Alice was ever happy?" And Mrs. Parkington answered, "No, my dear." And, after a moment, she said, "Happiness is an odd thing. Perhaps people who have never known it are not really unhappy. I do not know whether Alice ever knew that she was unhappy. Sometimes I think only that life was intolerably dull for her always, and that is something that comes from the inside. The outside, other people, have very little to do with it. . . ."

"You see people are really happy, I think, in proportion to how much they give out. Sometimes I think it doesn't much matter what it is so long as they give out something. Your great-grandfather wasn't always a good man, but he gave a great deal. In a way, he gave a great deal more than he took from others, and I don't mean money. Money is easy to give away, whether it's a penny for a beggar or a million to charity. That's nothing. It's what you give of yourself that matters in time, in amusement, in stimulation. . . ."

So speaks the eighty-four-year-old heroine of Louis Bromfield's *Mrs. Parkington* (Cassell; ros. 6d.). This indomitable and, somehow, still youthful figure supplies the novel with not only its title, but its philosophy. It is true Mrs. Parkington has neither time nor taste for moralising or laying down the law. But ask her a question and you receive an answer: you have the benefit of her experience, which has been long, testing, various and, at times, fantastic. Unhappily, of all her descendants, only her great-granddaughter, eighteen-year-old Janie, has wit enough to ask anything to the point. On this occasion, the old woman and the young girl are having tea together after a funeral—that of Mrs. Parkington's daughter, the graceless and cheerless Alice, still known as "the Duchess" on the strength of her first marriage.

There is little of the conventional dear old lady about Mrs. Parkington. She is devastatingly clear-sighted, and not always patient—the patience she does command has often an admixture of irony. For either family evenings or family tête-à-têtes she fortifies herself with a half-pint of champagne. The listless boredom of age is unknown to her, but she feels something keener—a furious irritation (and behind this, sometimes, a tragic, human despair) at the nonsense, the sheer pretentiousness, with which so many of us muddle away our lives. She makes a clear distinction between "common" people, whom she likes, and "vulgar" people, for whom she has no use whatever. We first meet Mrs. Parkington dressing for Christmas dinner: snow falls past the windows of her Park Avenue, New York, house. Sipping champagne, she opts for the diamond necklace.

She needed the necklace just as she needed the extra glass of champagne. The prospect of meeting all the family wearied her. She could endure them separately, but

together they appalled her, all save her great-granddaughter Janie. The rest were dull, dull, dull. Oh, God, they were dull. . . . Now she would have to face them all again at the annual Christmas party which had been going on for thirty years. She was tired of her offspring and their offspring and their offspring's offspring. She had felt very detached from them for a long time now, as though they were connected to her only by a slender thread which might be snipped off at any time, leaving her free.

Grand Manner

MRS. PARKINGTON is an aristocrat by temperament, though not—as she was the first to point out—by birth. Her life-story has been sensational; and, in spite of her present taste for retired living, she still enjoys a fabulous reputation. She had begun life as a boarding-house-keeper's daughter in the remote mining town of Leaping Rock; at seventeen she had been, almost literally, blown into the arms of Gus Parkington by the explosion which killed her parents. Gus—or "the Major"—was an adventurer already well on his way to becoming a millionaire. His intentions, that tragic evening at Leaping Rock, though compassionate, had not been strictly honourable; but Susie's naive assumption that his offer of "protection" must be synonymous with an offer of marriage carried the day with him. From then on, Susie found herself swept up in the tornado that was "the Major's" career. After a sort of *Arabian Nights* honeymoon among white roses, gilt furniture, crimson curtains and gaslight, Gus



Royal Sculptress

Sculpture is one of the hobbies of Queen Elizabeth, mother of the King of the Belgians. She is seen at work in her studio in the grounds of the Laeken Palace, Brussels, on the head of her violin teacher, a young man whom the Queen believes will prove to be as great a player as the famous Belgian violinist Ysaye, now dead

had set out to storm, on behalf of his childish bride, the exclusive New York society of that day. Mlle. Conti, his former mistress and lasting good friend, was called in to choose the bride's wardrobe; at the same time, to ensure the final gauge of respectability, Gus practically bought up a fashionable New York church. Any slight to Susie were avenged with a ruthlessness that left ruin and suicides in its trail.

All that had been long ago. Gus's and Susie's great days had been lived at the height of the great American millionaire period. Throughout everything, Susie had stood by plain human values. Weighing her husband's bad morals against his good heart, she was in no doubt as to which way the scales tipped. Gus was not a big gun because he was fabulously rich; he was fabulously rich because he was a big gun. Fidelity, honour, courage, love itself were to come to have peculiar meanings for her—but meanings that, by her old age, would stand up to any test.

Mrs. Parkington is, as a novel, a masterpiece of construction—Mr. Bromfield shows, as a novelist, that first-rate professionalism that I have admired in Mr. Somerset Maugham. The "present day" of the story is about 1940—Britain is at war, America not. Within this present day, which covers some months, we have Janie's love-affair, "the Duchess's" semi-suicide, the financial scandal involving Janie's pompous father, and the presentation to the family circle by Madeleine (one of Mrs. Parkington's granddaughters) of her fourth husband—a nice cowboy, miserable in New York. But also, into this present day, are inset scenes from

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IT was easier in the old days when vice was vice and virtue virtue—the twain avoiding each other like an eighth plague. Nowadays they are both so entangled that it is not immediately possible to tell one from t'other. Even in my young days one knew where one might be. Virtue didn't smoke in public, nor bedaub its face, nor outline its naked form, nor lie fondling and being fondled by alien soldiers while a husband's children played about idly in the offing. Nor did virtue frequent pubs, or know anything about pink gins and preventives. Virtue saw, shuddered and slammed the door. Summing-up was as easy as all that. Nowadays, for all we can tell, she may be an incipient British matron of unimpeachable integrity who is showing the world an embarrassing area of pure leg!

Personally, I always consider the old days were more amusing. We have nowadays lost the entertainment value of being shocked. In fact, we are often more shocked by virtue. For when we see the results of an enforced British Sabbath in a world where millions of young people are homeless and there is nothing on earth for them to do, we yearn for the "wickedness" of Sunday cinemas, well-conducted dances and a concert or two where the least accessory gesture is not considered as playing straight into the hands of the Devil.

The trouble is, I suppose, that thanks to the "monkish" attitude towards virtue and vice which still reverberates in some middle-aged consciences, we associate both too much with sex alone. There are far worse vicious attributes than the vulgarity of "cheap" bodies, a greater virtue than simple chastity. There is

kindness and unkindness, and charity and the lack of it, and bad temper and

good, spitefulness and sweetness, meanness and generosity, bad manners and chivalry, a desire to understand and a wilful determination to thwart and frustrate. Briefly, a convention which thinks of vice and virtue exclusively in terms of "beds," and not, as they should be considered, in terms of beauty. Sex isn't bad, but it can easily become an oppressive tediousness. One can so quickly tire of the modern young woman whose first idea of female emancipation seems to be an inability to forget the minor attributes of femininity for a minute. But experience has taught me that I would sooner see her being provocatively arch than listen too long to the egotistical outpouring of her mostly one-way mind. Her virtue may be of the easiest, but her companionship after a little time is extremely dim. As a type, she is not so much vicious as plain dull. And mental dullness needs a lot of real glamour to make it palatable.

Character, in the final verdict, is the only thing which counts. What people do with their very private lives is their own affair, so long as they don't exhibit them too blatantly. It's the exhibition which can be so devastating now we have lost most of our former ability for being shamed. Providing they are interesting, generous and kind, givers rather than takers, what their secret copybooks look like is none of my business. If all were discovered, the end would merely be the comparison of blots. Consideration for others and unselfishness would surely eradicate a good many.

Women in Uniform



Miss Cecily Gordon-Cumming *Lenarc*

The elder daughter of the late Sir Alexander Gordon-Cumming, Bt., M.C., and of Lady Gordon-Cumming, of Blair House, Forres, is nineteen and is serving in the W.R.N.S. Her mother is Deputy President of the Red Cross in Morayshire



Miss Thelma Seager



Lady Seager

The wife and daughter of Sir Leighton Seager are both in uniform. Lady Seager is serving as a junior commander and welfare officer in the A.T.S., and Miss Thelma Seager is in the W.R.N.S. Sir Leighton Seager is President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom and a former High Sheriff of Monmouthshire

Photographs by
Harlip and Lenarc



Lady Rathdonnell

Third Officer in the W.R.N.S. Lady Rathdonnell is the wife of Major Lord Rathdonnell, 15th/19th Hussars, who is serving with his regiment abroad. Lord and Lady Rathdonnell have a son and two daughters. Lady Rathdonnell was Miss Pamela Drew



Mme. Mouravieff-Apostol

Mme. Andrew Mouravieff-Apostol has been in the American Red Cross since her husband joined the French Army as liaison officer. He is now with SHAEF. She is the daughter of Mr. G. R. Hall-Caine, Conservative Member of Parliament for East Dorset, and is an accomplished rider and painter of horses

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 234)

Early Christmas-tree

THIS week S.S.A.F.A. (the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Families' Association) are having their "Christmas-tree" at Rootes showrooms in Piccadilly. There is a marvellous collection of things for sale, super-toys of every description, antique furniture, and a wonderful selection of cosmetics, even down to combs and face tissues! Amongst other stalls there is a "Christmas fare" stall, where every kind of "goodie" is on sale, not forgetting turkeys. The raffles are numerous, encompassing such varied treasures as bottles of drink and a lovely doll about 4-ft. high, dressed as a bride. For those who are interested in horses there is a perfect miniature replica of the famous coach "Venture," made by Mr. Geoffrey Hollebone, who carved the horses from blocks of wood, and had them painted by Mrs. F. M. Fox, R.A., the well-known painter of horses.

The sale was opened yesterday by Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of General Sir Harold Alexander, and will be open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. until December 2nd. The entire proceeds go to S.S.A.F.A. to help the families of our Service men, who to-day form a very big proportion of our population. Every kind of aid is given, including clothing, medical aid and groceries: nursery homes are run where the children are cared for if a wife is ill or unable to look after her children, and now a club has been started in the Countess of Wicklow's former London home in Queen Anne Street, where the men on leave can have their wives and their children to stay with them during their leave.

Helping the Cause

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES has once again lent his fine showrooms for this good cause, and was one of the first to make purchases from the toy stall for his small grandson, who was a welcome arrival in the family at the beginning of this month.

Amongst the stall-holders are Lady Gordon-Finlayson, Lady Sholto-Douglas, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Courtney, Mrs. Richard Longmore, Lady Victor Paget, Mrs. Edward Berrington Behrens (who was Princess Irena Obolensky before her recent marriage), Lady Riddell-Webster and Lady Kell.

Henry V

THE committee meeting to organise the premiere presentation of Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* at the Carlton Theatre in the Haymarket on Monday next, the 27th, was presided over by Maud Duchess of Wellington. The premiere is to benefit the Airborne Forces and the Commandos Benevolent Funds—a cause very dear to the Duchess, as her only son, the young Duke of Wellington, was killed in action when serving with the Commandos in Italy just over a year ago. On the platform were Lord Lovat (who spoke simply and movingly, as befits the great soldier he is) and Capt. Michael Pleydell-Bouverie, who is convalescing after being wounded and arrived on crutches. Within twenty minutes of the opening of the meeting the entire seating accommodation of the theatre was sold out, but it is hoped that donations will continue to come in, as a target of £10,000 is being aimed at.

Helpers

JOINT Deputy Chairmen of the premiere are Mrs. F. A. M. Browning (Daphne du Maurier) and Mrs. Robert Laycock; Viscount Camrose is honorary treasurer. Laurence Olivier, the star of the film, came to the meeting and made a short speech; another speaker was Major Stanley Bates, who announced that Odeon Cinemas were prepared to bear the entire expenses of the function, and, in addition, would take a thousand pounds' worth of seats.



At a "Thank You" Dinner to the Home Guard

Viscount Simon was in the chair at a "Thank You" dinner to the Tadworth, Surrey, Home Guard, at Walton Heath Golf Club. Above are Sir F. Hamilton, Major Hall (Commanding Officer), Lord Simon, Capt. F. B. Storey and Lord Russell of Killowen. Others at the dinner included Mr. James Braid, Sir Oscar Dowson and Sir Kenneth Goadby

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

the past: we are allowed to learn Mrs. Parkington's life-story by a series of glimpses into her memory. It is her fate—as it is the fate of so many old people—to look on at the decline of her own world. She is perhaps exceptional in her power to see that such a world need not be the only one. She is impatient only with those who live by an outworn formula, and, by so doing, try to turn back the tide. She backs the young, with their power to make the future. Is this millionaire-matriarch, as her middle-aged grandchildren suspect, "a bit of a Red"? The entertainment value of *Mrs. Parkington* is apparent, and (at least, so I found) unfailing. It contains, at the same time, some quietly revolutionary social criticism. If you prefer, lick off the sugar, then spit out the pill. But I do recommend this tale of a grand old woman.

Soldiers Three

GEOFFREY COTTERELL'S *Then a Soldier* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.) does for the Army very much what Mallalieu's *Very Ordinary Seaman* (reviewed in these columns some time ago) did for the Navy. Let me make clear, first, that I mean the Army and the Navy of to-day, of this war, not the Services as we know of them by tradition; and, again, that the manners of the two novels are exceedingly different. In both, we start with a batch of conscripts, and follow them through their training up to the test of action. Mr. Mallalieu wrote with a harsh, though highly effective, monotony; Major Cotterell is terse, impressionistic and flippant. You like his Jackie, Robert and Les, and that unfortunate officer Mr. Drenney, because they are so frankly perfectly awful. The first thing to be said about *Then a Soldier* is that it is a brilliantly, savagely funny book.

To say that Jackie Kraus, young Jewish dance-band pianist, Robert Halbrook, lazy ex-public schoolboy and doctor's son, and Les Pawley, East London grocer's assistant with Valentino sideburns and simple soul, enter the Army without enthusiasm would be to put it mildly. Jackie, arriving at the training-camp in his suede shoes and Teddy-bear overcoat, accustomed, as he repeatedly points out, to the best that money can buy, is perhaps most to be pitied. Robert, by being the most adaptable (though, at the same time, the most designing), might serve to support a tentative argument as to the benefits of his education—he would like (or his mother would like for him) a commission, but he muddles his chances after a week in an O.C.T.U. Les proves an expert column-dodger; while the very mention of foreign-service raises his sleeked-down hair.

It is the Artillery—an A.A. battery—that receives these hopeful additions. We have scenes in a training regiment, a barracks, a tented camp, an embarkation centre, an O.C.T.U. and a lonely gun-site on the Dover cliffs. And, in the course of these transitions, our three, more or less inadvertently, grow up—so gradual, and so subtly drawn, is the process that the reader may be surprised at his own lack of surprise at the last view, after a jump in time, of Jackie, Robert and Les—airborne over France in June 1944. . . . *Then a Soldier* is bare of description or explanation; but just enough home, or professional, background is touched-in to give the characters solidity. The leave chapters seemed to me just slightly less good—or, at least, less interesting—than the others: perhaps because I feel we have had enough blitzes in novels. The dialogue (of which most of this book consists) is, throughout, absolutely superb.

Airman in France

EARLY in this war, H. E. Bates had the distinction of being the first short-story writer to be commissioned by any one of the Services in order to turn his craft to official use. It was the R.A.F. who set him to work for them, and on some of the finest material in the world. As "Flying Officer X," H. E. Bates—already widely known for his distinguished novels and delicate country stories—embarked on a second, more powerful phase of literary life. The relation of an already accomplished writer to a Service which, as it has turned out, has raised a crop of young writers quite of its own, is interesting. Young airmen have made good a special literary art: half-a-dozen or more of their vivid, direct books are on the way to becoming classics. The aptness and the sometimes poetic force of the language in which they clothe their experience are amazing.

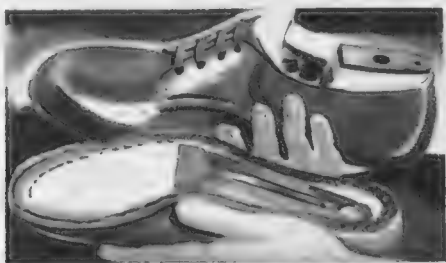
But the mature, practised novelist can do something more. He can pass judgments of which the younger man—who has grown up straight into war, and been in it up to the hilt ever since he grew up—might be shy. The older man does not take war for granted: his inward eye stays fixed on the things of peace—love, leisure, desire for home and happiness—fundamentals that war touches but cannot change. *Fair Stood the Wind for France* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) is the first full-length novel Mr. Bates has been able to give us since this war began; and has, rightly, been the Book Society's choice. At once tensely and gently written, it tells the story of Franklin, pilot of a British bomber that crashed in Occupied France on the return from a raid, and of Franklin's love for the girl Françoise, who, with her family, succours him and his crew. It tells of the breathless risks of the lovers' escape to England. Lyricism and grimness blend—for the pilot's arm has been terribly injured, and the young girl's face and French summer landscape behind it are seen by him through a haze of danger, fever and pain. All through *Fair Stood the Wind for France*, Mr. Bates, both as war-writer and as novelist *pur et simple*, is at his best.



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Stories from Everywhere

A MAN walked into a restaurant and left the door open.

A big fat man called out: "Shut that door! Were you brought up in a barn?"

The man closed the door, went to a table, sat down, and began to cry. At which the fat man looked uncomfortable and went over to the weeping one.

Said he: "I'm sorry; I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I just wanted you to close the door."

"I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings," was the reply, "but the fact is, I was brought up in a barn and every time I hear an ass bray, I feel homesick."

AN old lady sat in a railway carriage and opposite her was an American soldier, chewing gum. The old lady watched his revolving jaws very intently for some time. At last she bent over and said: "Excuse me, young man, you must think me very rude for not answering, but I am very deaf."

A STORY from the U.S.:-

An engineer for an industrial corporation, having concluded his business in a southern town, was impatiently waiting outside an hotel for a taxi to rush him to his train. He had almost given up hope when one finally crawled up.

As the cab set out for the station, the harried traveller asked: "What happens in this town when a person wants to get some place in a hurry?"

The unperturbed cabbie replied: "Ah reckon he would just aggravate himself."

AN officer was acting as referee at a novices boxing match, and one of the contestants, a Scot, was hammering his opponent in fine style.

The bell rang, but the Scot paid no attention. The referee, tapping him on the shoulder, shouted "Time."

"Oot o' my way, mon," shouted the Scot, still punching his opponent. "Just when I'm winning you ask me the time. Ask somebody else."

THIS one comes from *Time to Laugh* (Partridge Publications):

A wealthy-looking man walked into the saloon bar of a public house.

"I'll give five pounds to anybody who can drink five pints of beer in two minutes."

Every one laughed except one small man in a bowler hat, who pushed through the crowd and went out of the door. After about five minutes he returned and went up to the wealthy man and said: "Is that offer still on?"

"Yes, if you can do it," came the answer. The little man then proceeded to order five pints and drank them up with ten seconds to spare. The wealthy one was amazed, and paying over the five pounds, said: "Good gracious! How ever did you manage to do it?" The little man replied: "Well, I wasn't so sure, so I went over to the 'Red Lion' and timed myself."

THE chairman rose to introduce Mr.

Wise, the lecturer. He found it necessary to mention that during the preceding year the membership of the society had fallen off considerably. This, he continued, had resulted in a depleted treasury, making it necessary to depart from their usual high standard and secure a very much inferior type of speaker for the current year, "the first of whom," beamed the chairman innocently, "I now have great pleasure in introducing."

A YOUNG father in his haste to let his mother-in-law know that he had been blessed with twins, sent a wire which read: "Twins this morning. More tomorrow."



A Soldier and His Actress Bride Cut Their Wedding Cake

Captain Edward T. Barnes of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry and Miss Joan Seton were married recently at St. Margaret's. Joan Seton is the daughter of Mr. G. Norman Seton; she has recently returned from a tour of North Africa, the Middle East, India and Ceylon and is now playing in "Quiet Week-end." The reception was held at the May Fair Hotel

"THE fighting in this war's merely child's play," said the veteran of the last war to a soldier of this war.

"I suppose you had some exciting experiences?"

"I should say so. My regiment was ordered to charge a fort. We dashed through a storm of shells and bullets into the midst of the enemy, and not a man escaped to tell the tale. Every man, from the colonel to the drummer boy, was killed."

"Then how did you manage to escape?"

"Me? Oh, I was at home on leave at the time."

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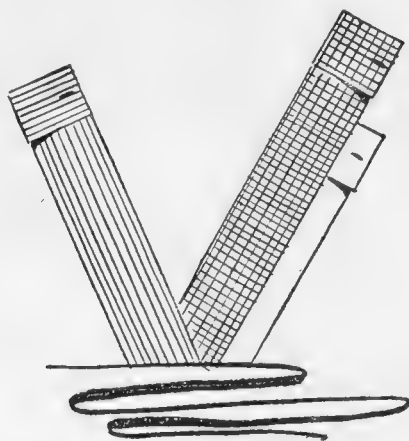
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The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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steadily increased. This American business, established by a British Company just before the 1914 war, had thus grown to be one of the major industries in the United States prior to the present conflict. War invariably creates shortages: not the least disconcerting is the present scarcity of Courtaulds rayons, so much admired for their practical loveliness. It may not be long, however, before they are back again in greater variety and beauty than ever.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Air Safety

As I write there appears to be a tendency at the Chicago Conference on Civil Aviation to look more kindly on the Canadian proposals for the guiding of international air transport in the future, although the Australian and New Zealand proposals have been rejected. The essential fact that, I think, ought to be made clear to all the fifty-one delegations at the conference is that the urgency of the air need differs according to the geography of a country. It is no good discussing civil air transport in the future on the basis that all countries want it equally. That would be totally untrue. Many countries could continue to exist and indeed to prosper without any air transport. But some countries could not continue to exist at all without it.

The British Empire and Commonwealth is one of the communities which will not in the future be able to continue to live without air transport. It is a community that has been built up and sustained by long distance, world communications. In the past those communications have been by sea. In 1940 we all became acutely conscious of how much we owe to the sea. Sea communications and sea power brought us into existence as a powerful community of nations and sea power protected us when we stood alone.

New Ways

BUT the sea ways are now supplemented by the air ways, and sea power by air power. What sufficed for our health years ago will not suffice in the future. I do not think it any exaggeration to put it in the words of my suggested slogan that the British Commonwealth must fly or die. It is not a matter of whether we like flying or not. It is not a matter of whether it is economic or not. It is a matter of a fundamental relationship between our kind of commonwealth and communications. This point should be kept to the fore at Chicago. When it is clearly put to them, other countries, less dependent for their existence on communications, will certainly appreciate it, and will, through that appreciation, be more inclined to accept the British view.

The whole difficulty of restriction of subsidies is involved, for a country largely dependent for its existence upon air transport should be allowed to subsidize its air lines more lavishly than others. The only thing that has to be guarded against is the lavishing of subsidies on air lines whose real significance is neither communicative nor commercial, but military.

Safety

SOMETHING has come out lately about the Air Registration Board, that too little known body that attends to so many matters which affect air safety. Sir Maurice Denny is chairman of the Air Registration Board and the vice-chairmen are Sir Frederick Handley Page, Mr. Guy F. Johnson and Mr. A. J. Whittall. The secretary is Mr. T. R. Thomas.

Until 1937 the technical control of the design and construction of aircraft and licensing of people to handle them was done by the Aeronautical Inspection Department of the Air Ministry. Lord Gorell's Committee in 1933 recommended that technical matters should be delegated to a board and in the Air Navigation Act of 1936 the Secretary of State for Air took powers to delegate some of his duties and the Board itself was set up in February, 1937. That, in brief, is the history of the preliminary events. When peace-time flying starts again the Board will again come into prominence. Its publications are extremely well done and are always a source of useful information, not only to the big operators who have specialists dealing with the different branches of maintenance and airworthiness, but to the ordinary person interested in flying and to the private owner of an aircraft.

Pix and Credits

A book which is worthy of the attention of all who take an interest in aviation (and that now ought to be the entire population of Britain) is *Britain in the Air*, by Wing Commander Nigel Tangye. It was published, I believe, in September, but for some reason I did not see it and have only just read it. The thing is particularly like about it is that it gives credit to that great pioneer and genius Sir George Cayley, and to men like John Stringfellow and William Henson. But the thing that the general reader will probably appreciate is the series of fine illustrations. These are drawings and paintings, some reproduced in colour, and they not only help to illuminate the story, but they also enable some of the good work of the war artists to be more widely known.

Nigel Tangye is a practised hand at composition and he is also an experienced pilot who had been in aviation long before the present war began. From him, therefore, one expects and gets sound guidance and a vividly written commentary. But one gets more: a well-documented account of many of the struggles and successes of flying. This is a book which I for one shall treasure, for it deals with so much of that in which I have been interested in so elegant and informative manner.

Gas Mains


UNTIL Mr. Winston Churchill mentioned that rockets had fallen in this country it was the custom to call them gas mains. But there was not a charwoman in the country who did not provide the appropriate guffaw when they were called. In short, the news was known to all here; but I think it was kept fairly well insulated (in the exact sense) from the enemy. In fact, the secrecy on this subject was a tribute to the public at large.



S/Ldr. Michael Kellett

Spitfires of R.A.F. Fighter Command escorted the aircraft in which the Prime Minister and his party flew to France recently. They included pilots of the squadron commanded by S/Ldr. Michael Kellett, who comes from Maidstone.

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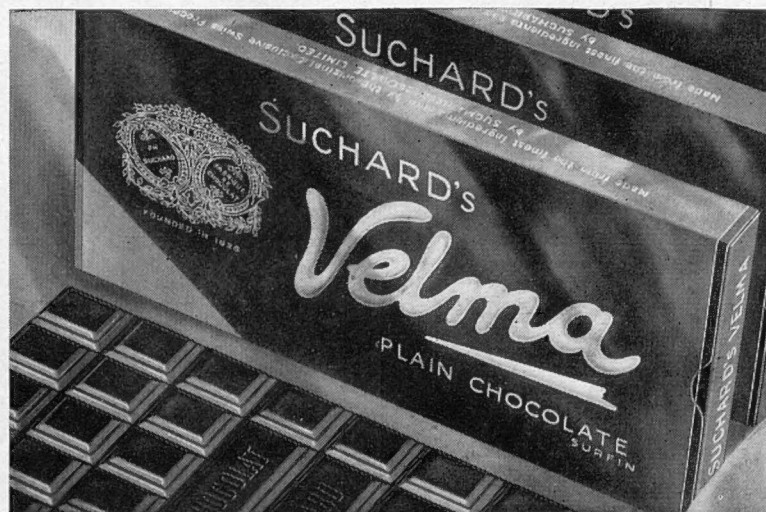
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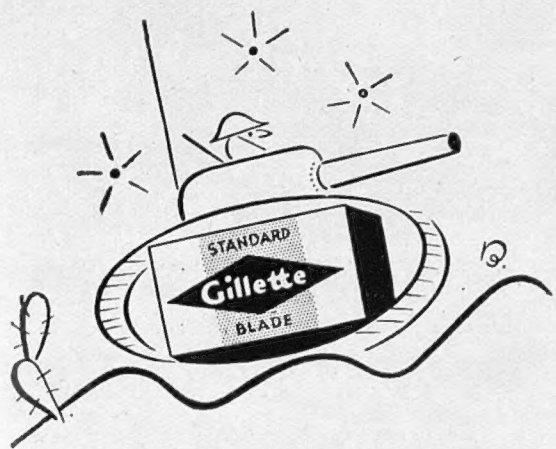
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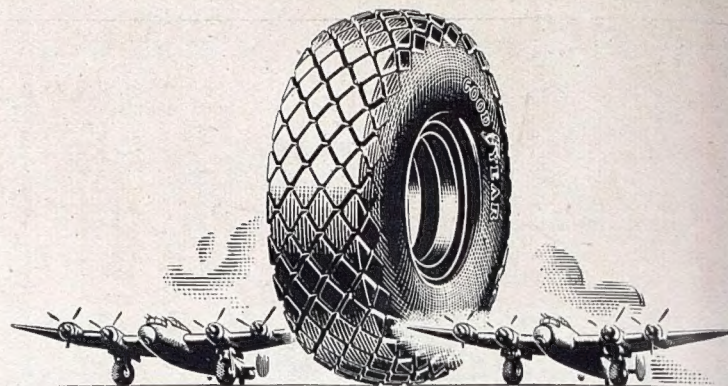
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